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When, toward night, we approached our destined landing-place, the surf on the beach was too heavy to attempt getting ashore, so we lay anchored during the night. About noon the next day, the captain made the first trial at landing, in a small boat, and was capsized. Then the dish-washer made himself conspicuous by his presence of mind.

"Man the life-boat!" he cried in such stentorian tones that one might shut his eyes and imagine himself at home in a theatre. "Man the life-boat; the captain's overboard!" There was, unfortunately, no life-boat to man; and the sailor, having but just come from driving a milk-wagon in San Francisco, did not know how to row well enough to venture out. Meanwhile the captain drifted ashore, righted his boat, and pulled out to the *Scrambler* again.

Shortly afterward we all debarked, and that night we pitched our tent on land. The place is called Dyca; there is a small trading-post, kept by a white man, around which is gathered a village of Indians or Siwash, belonging to the Chilkoot tribe. They are by no means ill-looking people. The men are strong and well-formed; the women (naturally, when one considers their mode of life) are inferior to the men in good looks. These women have a habit of painting their faces uniformly black with a mixture of soot and grease, a covering which is said to prevent snow-blindness in the winter and to be a protection in summer against the mosquitoes. Some have only the upper part of their faces painted, and the black part terminates in a straight line, giving the effect of a half-mask. At the time of our arrival the Indians were engaged very busily in catching and drying small fish. These fish are very oily, and when dried can be lighted at one end and used as candles; and for this purpose they are stored away against the long winter night.

Early next morning we were on the trail for the pass. The trip from salt water to the head of the navigable waters of the Yukon is usually made in two stages, each of about fifteen miles. The trader at Dyca had brought in a few horses, and we engaged him to transport our camp-outfit and provisions over the first stage, where the trail, though rough, can be gone over by pack-animals. Some of the miners, however,

engaged Indians immediately at Dyca to pack the whole distance; and, as it afterward proved, this was the wiser plan. We could also have obtained saddle-animals, but our party preferred to walk for the sake of getting toughened for the harder journeys.

The trip turned out to be exceptionally fatiguing, a large part of the distance being through sand and loose gravels in the bed of a stream, where it was impossible to find a firm footing; several times also we had to wade the stream. The valley along whose bottom we were thus traveling was narrow and canyon-like, with steep bare mountains rising high on either side. The tops of these mountains, so far as we could see, were capped with ice; and this great glacier stretched out long fingers down into the valley along each of the gulches or recesses in the mountain-wall. Finally, crossing the river a last time on a fallen tree, we followed the trail up into the more rocky and difficult portion of the valley; and some miles of this brought us, thoroughly tired, to our halting-place. A few miles before reaching this place I overtook one of the miners, who, with his two companions or "pardners," had started to pack over a part of their outfit themselves. He was a stalwart young Irishman, but the load of seventy-five pounds or thereabouts and the difficulties of the road had exhausted him, although he had outstripped by several miles his less robust companions. After a rest, however, he was able to get to the camp, where we ate together a supper proportioned in amount to the trials we had undergone.

We had brought with us from Juneau lumber for the purpose of building a boat when we should get across the pass into the Yukon waters, but the Indians demanded such high wages for carrying it over that it was left at Dyca, the more readily since there was a rumor that some white men had taken a small saw-mill across the pass in the winter and were now engaged in sawing lumber at one of the lakes on the other side. In order to make sure, however, Wiborg, the miner who accompanied us, started in advance across the pass early the next morning, taking with him an Indian, while we lay in camp till he should send the Indian back with news from the other side.